

A BOKAY
of
WILD DAISIES

Home Grown and Full Blown

THE KIND THAT GROWS IN AND
AROUND LA CYNNE, KANSAS

*A Little Book of Native Verses by
the Natives and Near Natives*

As Gathered by

G. E. HESSER



Class PS 571

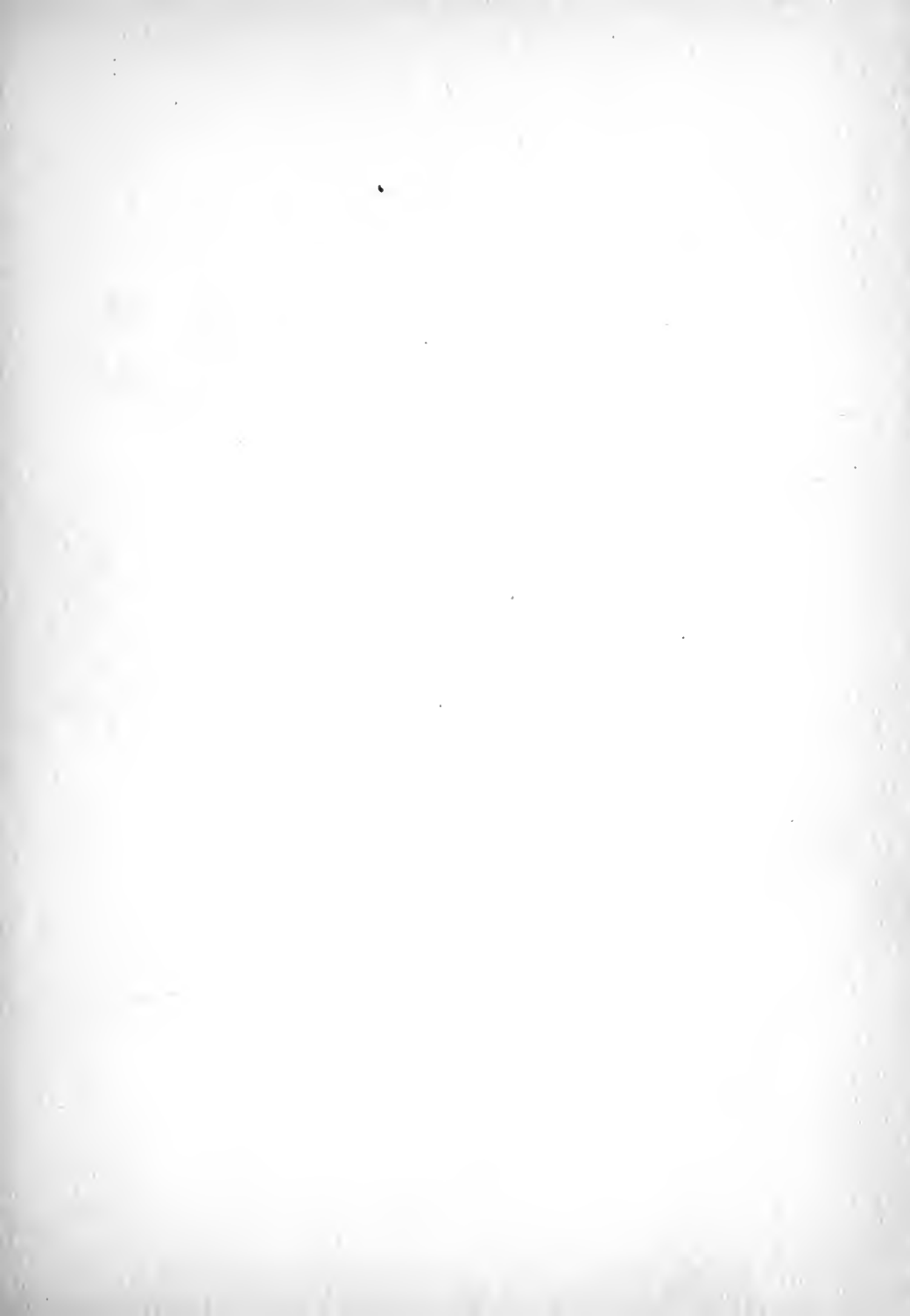
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**“A BOKAY OF
WILD DAISIES”**



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By C. E. Hesser

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FOREWORD.

For years the incessant cry has been back to the land.

Is there one who at some time has not heard the rippling waters, the shimmering fields, the flowery dells, calling, calling, calling—calling to come and live where life is real and things are what they seem.

Many have answered this call in truth, and many more have answered it in spirit. There is always something about the open fields that gives one a sense of bigness—of personality; something that draws us closer to the Great Spirit Intelligence—in fact so close at times that we may hear the heavens declare the glory of God.

Everyone who cultivates the garden of his heart—the field of his imagination, has his ideals, and his ideal way of cultivation; of what he will sow, and of what he may reap.

In answering this call back to the land I chose for my field an old field. One not worn out or foul with thistles or other noxious weeds, but one that had been kept up to a high state of fertility by the application of common sense, and by the proper rotation of crops, both mental and spiritual; in fact an ideal field, and one which with right culture would yield amazingly.

I was indeed fortunate in securing this fertile field, and more than fortunate in securing for help those who had spent a good part of their life-time growing and developing the common things of life. The result, my little farm with its many workers, working on the community plan produced a wonderful harvest of "WILD DAISIES." Wonderful, not on account of the quantity, but of the quality; and from this harvest I present for your consideration this "BOKAY OF WILD DAISIES."

In your consideration, I would ask, that you dwell not too long on what you may consider the imperfect daisies in this unique work; but look rather to the hearts, the souls, the lives of the workers; by so doing I feel sure your harshest criticism will be nothing more severe than a mild benediction. And in conclusion I wish to say;

I have gathered many kinds of flowers,
In many different places;
Roses sweet, and lilies fair,
With their many winning graces.
But I've never found a sweeter flower—
None such wondrous beauties hold
As these little old wild daisies
With their loving hearts of gold.

To me they're the fairest flowers
Of any land or clime.
Fair because they grew and bloomed
In friendship's summertime.
So I treasure them and love them
For the beauties they unfold—
These little old wild daisies
With their loving hearts of gold.

Life's road is long and rocky.
But with friendship's sweetest flowers,
We'll jog along and snatch the song
When ever it is ours.
And when we cross the Great Divide—
Yon flowery fields behold,—
I hope there's room for daisies
With their loving hearts of gold.

Sincerely yours,
C. E. HESSER.

A BOKAY OF WILD DAISIES.

*You may pike at least a dozen states—
Can trek a million miles;
Explore the Hill-Lands of the West,
And camp where fortune smiles.
But if e'er you've been one of us,
No matter where you roam
Your heart is still in old La Cygne,
And callin' come back home.*

*The herbage here luxurious grows—
The grazin's always green;
And the latch string's always hangin' out
In little old La Cygne.
So cast aside your crop of care—
Come home to restful bowers;
And we'll renew old friendships true,
In sunshine, song and flowers.*

*So listen, Bo, where e'er you go
It's always just the same.
Your heart is ever callin',
And your soul's a wobblin' lame.
You may range around on foreign ground—
May sail the seven seas,
But your heart is ever callin'
From the Home-Hills and the Trees.*

*Then bear this idea well in mind;
No matter where you roam,
Your heart is still in old La Cygne,
And callin' come back home.
So cast aside your crop of care—
Come home to restful bowers;
And we'll renew old friendships true,
In sunshine, song and flowers.*

LA CYGNE.

You ask me to write you a poem?
You're asking a great deal of me!
For in writing a poem of poems,
One should a poet be.

You ask me to write of old settlers,
You say I may use my own theme;
In writing for you this poem
My subjects's entitled "La Cygne."

La Cygne, a small town in Linn County,
Was built on the Marais du Cygne;
Founded late in the sixties;
The spot was ideal and serene.

The people in Kansas all shouted,
"A road's going through to the gulf!
We'll build in this rich fertile valley;
The railroad and river's enough."

The war not long had been ended;
Hardships and sorrows had passed;
The good people left on the border
Settled down as one to their task.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

The town sprang up like a mushroom,
They came from near and from far,
All settled with avowed intention,
No color or creed did they bar.

'Tis the old settlers we all should remember,
The hardships and toils they went through
In building up city and country
For their children and grand children, too.

There was Tilgner and Pollman, the butchers,
So eager our mouths to fill
With the choicest of pork and beef cattle
Brought in from many a hill.

A. Friedman came there with his clothing,
Walked into the state with a pack.
The town was barely started
When he unloaded and built a shack.

I. Croxton was there with his livery;
Lemon and Wilgus, each had a store;
Mendenhall then was the doctor,
To care for the rich and the poor.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Ellsworth, kept stock in the drug line;
Annin and Pierson with dry goods to sell;
Daddy Brooks, the good old sexton
The people all loved so well.

J. J. Starks sold dry goods and clothing;
His son, Albert, kept groceries for all;
H. Maurer sold watches and jewelry;
Jack Tipton, the man with the trowel.

There was one in the mercantile business
Who started right in with the town,
To help build up the city
And all the country 'round.

He bought and sold all things of value,
Found plenty of work for the poor;
The only thing left to consider
Was,—trade at Geo. Miller's store.

The ones already mentioned
Have passed to the Great Unknown;
However, there are other old settlers
Who have done just as much for the town.

Some of them are still with you,
Some have crossed the Great Divide;
Always remember old timers
Wherever you chance to abide.

La Cygne! yes, she's had her disasters—
Her fires and her floods by the score.
Yet calm and serene on the Marais du Cygne
She stands as the Phoenix of yore.

—WILBUR F. ALLEN.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

La Cygne, on your beautiful river of blue
I never, no never forget about you,
The days I spent there and such happy days, too,
Or the friends that I made who still remain true.

Jack Frost when I met him, he urged me to stay
With his snow and his ice and his out-of-door play.
He taught me to laugh and be happy all day
Until soon, ah too soon, all my time slipped away.

And now from the heart—as one final request,
I ask fair La Cygne to my home as my guest
(In the land people speak of as “Fair Golden West”)
As a proof my dear friends, that I still love you best!

—SARAH HANAWALT DAVIDS.

MEMORIES.

Memory paints a picture I can ne'er forget of
an old home whose folks went to roam in the glit-
tering far away west.

Visions of golden daisies
Bring thoughts of days of old
And over and over I see you
In the bright fields of gold.

Here's "just a chain of daisies"
I have tied for you,
And a loving message
I have tied there too.

You have guessed I miss you,
If you doubt me though,
Go and ask the daisies
They will tell you so.

—ADA BADGER PERRY.

THE MARAIS DES CYGNES.

The Marais des Cygnes jumped out of her bed,
And opened her mouth and this she said:
"I'm big and strong, all your crops I'll cover,
And then I'll flow on and on forever,
For I am the Marais des Cygnes."

It makes me think of the long ago,
When Noah was taught the world to show
That patient endurance and faithful endeavor
Prepared him to cross a wonderful river,
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

The story goes that he built an ark,
"And patched it up with hickory bark."
He vowed he'd sail away forever,
And he had to cross just one more river.
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

He cut down trees and peeled the bark.
All this he did to build an ark.
He sawed away anon and ever
That he might be ready to cross that river.
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

He toiled a hundred and twenty years,
Enduring gibes, and frowns and jeers.
He must on time this ark deliver,
And in it cross that one more river.

But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

He mortgaged an eighty and then a quarter.
His sons got spunky and so did his daughter,
She said to him, "Dad, you will get the fever."
He only replied "I must cross that river."

But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

He hammered away from day to day.
While the sun was shining old Noah made hay.
He never forgot to thank the Giver,
And always felt sure he must cross a river.

But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

When a hundred years had gone by,
And no extra moisture appeared in the sky,
Old Noah kept hammering away as ever,
For he was determined to cross the river.

But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

His children, grand children, and neighbors—all,
Said, "Noah, you're foolish, not even a squall
Appears in the sky. Oh, banish forever
Your foolish notion of crossing a river;
Not even the Marais des Cygnes."

But Noah kept on and hammered away
He hammered from dawn through all the day.
He said to his friends "I'm a firm believer,
That some day or other I will cross a river;
And it won't be the Marais des Cygnes."

The hundred and twentieth year had gone.
Noah laid down his hammer and said "I'm done."
We'll now go in and thank the Giver,
For soon 'twill be time to cross the river.
But it won't be the Marais des Cygnes."

He called and the animals came in twos,
The elephants, lions and kangaroos.
They looked around and seemed to shiver,
Yet all were anxious to cross that river.
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes."

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Many an animal and his mate
Presented their tickets at the gate.
They bade goodbye to their friends forever,
For some refused to cross that river;
Because it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

The clouds grew black and the rain came down.
The gang plank in, they sailed from the town.
The torrents of rain and the waves made them
quiver.
They stuck to their boat and they sailed that river.
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

The lion roared and the mocking bird chimed.
The babboon laughed and the monkey whined.
From the ant's toe the elephant picked a sliver,
And they sailed on and on o'er that wonderful river.
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

The elephant wanted alone to bunk.
The keeper said sir, you must check your trunk.
The elephant's voice began to quiver,
And he tossed the man out into the river.
But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

For forty days the rain descended.
Old Noah in patience still contended
That the rain would not continue forever,
For they must surely cross that river.
 But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

At last they suddenly struck a rock.
The camels were seasick because of the shock.
They realized now their journey was over,
And were sure they had crossed that wonderful river.
 But it wasn't the Marais des Cygnes.

The Marais des Cygnes flows on and on.
We cross and recross and are not yet done.
O'er the sea of life we are sailing ever.
At the end we'll cross a wonderful river.
 But it won't be the Marais des Cygnes.

—A. J. MAY.

THE DAISY YARD.

As I sat dreaming one day, my mind seemed to stray,
Back to the scenes of my childhood;
To a familiar yard where I used to play,
In a little town near to the wildwood;

I found myriads of old-fashioned daisies, sweet with
dew,
In this yard, this beautiful yard,
Where these dear dainty flowers grew;
Standing like sentinels ever on guard;

They were bordered with white and centered with
gold;
There was no thought of sadness or fear;
And each had a message sweet to unfold,
Some spoke of contentment and others of cheer,

Can you find a spot more delightful and gay,
Than this yard full of daisies shaded by trees,
As one strolls by at sunset, they all seem to sway,
And nod their heads gracefully in the summer
night's breeze.

She who sends this message, whispers to you,
Of these beautiful flowerets, we all of us love,
Don't destroy these blossoms that grew and grew,
Scattering sunshine caught from above.

—LIZZIE NEWTON HUGHES.

IF WE JUST PUT LOVE BEHIND IT.

This world of ours is full of joy,
If we just know how to find it.
What e'er our task, be it great or small,
'Twill prove to be no task at all
If we just put love behind it.

—MRS. CHAS. F. TRINKLE.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME.

Oh, sing a song of summertime,
And sing a song of heat,
Fighting flies and ants and bees and bugs,
In everything we eat.
You go to gather garden truck,
Fruits and berries in their prime,
The chiggers and gnats sure go for you
In the good old summertime.

Making jams and butters and jellies, too,
And putting up beans and beets,
Tomatoes, corn and other truck,
To make our winter eats;
Baking and cooking for harvest hands,
With an energy most sublime
That's where mother has her fun,
In the good old summertime.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Doctoring chicks for mites and lice,
Putting crimps in the setters, too.
Slopping the pigs and pailing the cows,
With the general work to do,
Oh—life this way we wish to say,
Is a regular rollicking rhyme,
That's where mother has her fun
In the good old summertime.

—CLARE WATKINS HESSER.

THE PRUNING-KNIFE.

When you go into your garden,
With your pruning knife and hoe,
Of course you've often noticed,
How the weeds and thistles grow;
They never need encouragement,
They're always on the job.
And if you don't keep hoeing,
They will all the flowers rob.

Then take the flowers only,
A difference you'll see,
Some are strong and dominant,
And some so modest be,
They will not push or crowd,
Unless you watch what they're about,
The strong and domineering kind,
Will crowd the others out.

So I am sometimes thinking,
That the Gods in their garden find,
Weeds and flowers such as we;
Each according to his kind.
And they may sometimes find it wise,
To root up human weeds,
To thin and prune and cut away,
Just as the garden needs.

And have you never noticed,
When you've cut and pruned with care,
Leaving nothing but the choicest
Of your plants and flowers rare,
How then, they strong and thrifty grow
And put forth flowers and seeds,
As tho into them had entered,
The spirit of the weeds.

And so I think there's nothing lost,
Tho it seems so for the hour,
The human weed that is cut away,
Shall bloom sometime as a flower;
Material forms may pass away,
But spirits never tire,
And so when robbed of one form here
They simply take a higher.

—BELLE LOOMIS KENYON.

WHEELS.

The greatest wheel is the wheel of time,
And it goes round so fast,
It takes a lifetime to count the spokes,
And we scarcely get done at the last.

Another great wheel that is turning us round,
Is the wheel of fortune so fickle,
It takes our time, yes our money, too,
Down to the very last nickel.

Very useful to us are the wheels of the watch;
The spinning and those of the reel;
The wheel of the wagon and washing machine,
And not least of the automobile.

The Ferris wheel is wonderful, too,
More for show than use it is said;
But the ones that keep us guessing today,
Are the wonderful wheels in the head.

—MRS. M. D. MILLER.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

Whistle and sing,
Let the forest ring,
Adown the glen and glade,
May the music of birds,
And the lowing of herds,
Lull us to sleep in the shade.

The new-mown hay,
And the sun's bright ray,
Fill the air with fragrance sweet;
While the reaper's song,
The whole day long,
Is heard in the golden wheat.

All nature sings,
And a thousand strings,
Give voice from the harp of God;
Be joyful my soul,
Yield complete control,
Pass under the Master's rod.

Then whistle and sing,
Let the forest ring,
May the glad earth fill with glee;
Till the notes of joy,
Without alloy,
Spread far o'er land and sea.

—A. J. MAY.

THE VIOLET.

Oh, for a bunch of violets sweet,
That spring from the grass right under your feet,
And when we are tired of life's long battle,
And weary of listening to frivolous tattle,
How grand it would be,
If only we
Could move to the dell,
And live in the valley
Where violets dwell.

There is a place I remember well,
A place where the little blue violets dwell,
In a shady nook
By a running brook,
Oh, with mere words it is hard to tell,
Of the beauty and coolness of that little dell,
Down in the woods where the violets dwell.

In the spring when all nature is clothed in bright
green,
Then is the time when blue violets are seen,
There are many flowers of brighter hue,
And many more costly in money, too,
But the little blue violet that grows in the dell
Is the one dainty flower that I love so well.

—LILY BLACK CROXTON.

A MEMORIAL TO OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Bring honors this day to our Soldier dead,
Who for Law and for Liberty suffered and bled.
They gave up their lives that this land might be ours,
Let us now deck their graves with the choicest of
flowers.

When the tocsin of war gave the first rude alarm,
That our country and flag was confronted by harm,
Then those heroes responded to liberty's call
Knowing well in that conflict that many must fall.

With hearts flushed with love for the land of their
birth,
Leaving homes and dear loved ones, the choicest of
earth,
To the bleak tented field, to the battle ground strife,
They flew to the rescue of this nation's life.

At Gettysburg, Vicksburg, on Shiloh's dread field,
With Sherman and Grant who to foe, ne'er would
yield,
Through the Southland they marched in resistless
array,
Confronting the bravest who e'er wore the Gray.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

With Sheridan, Mead, the superb Hancock, too,
What wonders were wrought by those heroes in
blue;

As they followed their guide light, the Stripes and
the Stars,

To at last fully vanquish the Stars and the Bars.

They cemented this Union in one grand domain;
They enthroned light and justice in Valley, on
Plain;

Ours to perpetuate, our to defend,
Theirs be the honor of poet and pen.

Then give reverence and honor to each old Soldier's
name,

Inscribe them in gold on the lintels of fame;
And at last when they reach those Elysian bowers,
We will garnish their tombs with the choicest of
flowers.

—MARION F. LEASURE.

THE VIGIL.

I walked one morning through a field
Of golden sunflowers bright,
And saw that every blossom there
Looked toward the eastern light.

Again at noon I passed and lo!
Each flower by the way
Was smiling straight above
Where rode the blazing king of day.

And then at evening, as the sun
Was sinking to his rest,
The blossoms eagerly had turned
Their faces to the west.

Thus, patiently their watch they kept,
And in their hearts of gold,
Some of the sun's own glory
They seemed to catch and hold.

So may we, as the weary years
Are numbered one by one
With trusting hearts, through joy or pain
Look ever toward the sun.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

And may his radiance touch our lives,
His glory light our way,
Until we find the sunshine
Of God's eternal day.

—PANSY PERSONS.

EIGHTEEN SIXTY-FIVE.

Sweet are the visions that come to me—
Visions of childhood's home:
Roaming the prairie happy and free,
Dreaming of years to come.

Dear old home on the prairie wild:
How great, to be only alive,
And live and be loved, as a little child,
Back in eighteen sixty-five.

Sweet were the flowers that grew everywhere,
High, low, and in shady dells;
Sunflowers, daisies, violets fair—
Buttercups, too, and dear bluebells.

Deliciously sweet were the berries that grew,
Down by the old home spring;
Gathered while wet with the sparkling dew,
And I, childish songs would sing.

I hear the prairie-hens billy-hoo,
And the cry of the wild coyotes,
Every weird call of them I knew,
And the song-birds sweetest notes.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

The walnut house is gone for aye,
Father, mother, old neighbors, too,
The old rail fence and the barn of hay,
Now only a dream but a dream so true.

O, that childhood days might return once more,
With their greatest blessings—to be just alive:
And live again in the old, old home
Of eighteen sixty-five.

—FLORA FAWCETT STOLPER.

SUMMERTIME.

The farmer sits on his portico,
And rocks in his easy chair;
While his daughter plays the piano,
With jewels in her hair.

The merchant has his troubles,
The banker has his cares,
The bulls money goes up in bubbles,
As likewise does the bears.

But the farmer's mon's in real estate,
In good old Kansas land,
And when Dame Fortune's wheel goes round,
It pays to beat the band.

So the farmer sits on his portico,
And rocks in his easy chair,
While his daughter plays the piano,
With jewels in her hair.

Now the days have reached their greatest
length,
The nights, mild and tropic sweet;
And all the promises of spring,
Summer has made complete.

The meadows have been shorn of wealth,
The gardens give produce fine;
And fruits grow ripe and tempting fair,
On tree and bush and vine.

The fields of grain, like seas, respond,
To the caprices of the wind,
And billow follows billow,
Till by some far fence confined.

The streams, no more bankful, have shrunk
To normal width, and softly croon,
And spread a moist and cooling air,
Through the heated hours of noon.

The bees wing far on honey quest,
The birds triumphant sing and sing,
And Nature's charms allure our feet,
To wildwood wandering.

So the farmer sits on his portico
And rocks in his easy chair,
While his daughter plays the piano,
With jewels in her hair.

—D. W. GRIMM.

WHICH ARE YOU.

Old man Grumpy went to town;
Took his poor tired wife along.
Growled all the way 'cause they'd started late
Every thing in the world was wrong.

The sun beat down too hot for him
The crops looked mighty tough.
The horse was slow and the flies were bad,
And the road was long and rough.

When they got to town everything was high.
And butter and eggs too low.
Some men he met should have been at home
In the field with plow and hoe.

He bought just the things they had to have.
And he gave his wife a dime
To buy the things she needed most.
She must hurry and lose no time.

They got back home as the sun went low
And his wife took a secret cry
Because she had planned so hopefully
For the things she could not buy.

Old man Smiley went that day,
His plump little wife went too.
He joked and whistled and sang hurray
For the world had a rosy hue.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

The sun was warm in the sky above,
And the fields were a pretty sight.
Old Dobbin paced as a good horse should,
And flowers bloomed left and right.

When they reached the store they sold the stuff
And it brought a tidy sum.
And mother got all the produce price—
Bought a dress and some chewing gum.

She bought for Pa a nice new tie;
And a pink striped shirt also.
Then they went together like two young kids
And saw a picture show.

They then drove home thru the waning light
And put Dobbin in the shed.
And they sat and talked of the things they'd seen
Till it was time to go to bed.

Now there's many a Mr. Grumpy lives
They're broad cast in the land.
And there also are many Smileys,
And each one shows the brand.

Now which are **you**, and which are **you**
Mr. Grumpy or Smiley man?
Don't fancy we can not place you
For you surely show the brand.

CLARE WATKINS HESSER.

THE STORM.

The clouds appear across the skies,
The high wind moans and dies,
The lightning flashes in the west,
The thunders roll and roll, then rest,
The heavens take on a lurid hue
The battle of clouds entrances our view;
Like mighty armies marshalling their hosts
Cloud above cloud like shrouded ghosts
Another flash of lightning rents the clouds in twain,
Crash after crash of thunder, then the drenching
rain.

For a time it dashes, then it pours
It seems as if the sky had opened all its doors.
Hour after hour falls the cheerless rain
And time draws on till night again.
The house is closed the blinds are drawn
The ceaseless rain keeps on till dawn.
The morning light reveals a world all drenched
and torn,

With fields and farms of beauty shorn.
Walks and roads, filled with waters wide,
Small streams no more in peace do glide,
Yesterday, the river, so quiet, calm and clear,
Today, a roaring torrent, that men do fear.
In night's darkness to the hills it crept,
Carrying death and destruction while people slept.
Another night, another dawn, the sun bursts forth,
the rain is o'er,

Raise the curtains, fling wide the door,
The clouds have passed, the wind has died,
Once more fair weather, for which we sighed.

—MARGARET D. CLARKE.

ONE BY ONE THEY ARE LEAVING US.

Leaving dear old La Cygne—
Many silently borne away,
With faces cold but serene,—
We bid them good bye for aye.

And oft as we wander among their mounds,
In their quiet resting place,
We think of many a friend that's gone—
A smile—a kindly face.

We know not what the day may bring;
But as for me when the summons come
I ask no greater boon than to rest
In my beautiful Oak Lawn home.

Just to lie at rest among old time friends,
Waiting the glorious dawn;
Yes, when the summons come may I find a home,
In beautiful old Oak Lawn.

—MRS. J. A. BERG.

**THE TWISTED SAYINGS OF "CHAIN
HARNESS ALLEN."**

In frontier days, when we lived out west on our claim—

And wolves would often nose around, the same as if they's tame,

We had a neighbor living out about three miles away,

Who always had the curiourest things he used to say—

I remember once when all us kids, was hauling water from a spring

'Cause all the wells and cisterns was dry as anything,

The old man stood and watched us and squinted up his eye,

Sez'ee "You'll never miss the water, til the stock gits dry."

One time when we had threshers, about three dozen men—

We all was eating dinner out by our turkey pen,
The table was spread out there beneath the elder tree,

'Cause our house would never've held the folks,
that helped us thresh you see,

Well, Ma was bringing coffee out, in the big old copper pot,

When she slipped and spilt the hull outfit, and my,
but it was hot!

And old Chain Harness said, as he helped my mother up.

"There's many a slip Miss Rollins, twixt the coffee pot and cup."

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

The reason we called him Chain-Harness was on account of this;

He drove two old dun horses to that air rig of his;
The traces was made out of some lengths of old log chain,

And everywhere he went you could hear their loud refrain.

The old man used to get tanked up when he went into town;

He'd beat them poor old nags of his, til they was bout run down.

But if anybody joked him, about his noisy rollin stock,

He'd say "Folks in wooden houses shouldent never throw a rock."

There's other people in this world, that's just as mixed as him,

Not only in their talkins but their acts is just as dim—

But back of it all, if we could see, the meanin of the man,

Each act would fit in beautiful, with the everlastin' plan.

The poor old feller's dead and gone, for lo these many years,

And I often wonder how he is since he left this vale of tears—

And if he told St. Peter, like he said to us one night,
It reminds me of the sayin' "All's well that ends up right."

—CLARE W. HESSER.

WHICH WAY IS YOUR WAY?

John Grouch was a godly man and stern—
A man who in old Salem days would burn
Witches, and think he was serving the Lord.
He justified all of his acts by The Word.

John had a wee daughter, dainty and sweet—
But he thought all humanity had clay feet;
So, instead of giving affection and love,
He pounded, and lectured, and scolded, and drove.

God meant her the tend'rest love to receive,
But John's harsh methods taught her to deceive.
Maltreated at home, her wandering feet
Led her far afield—she's now "on the street."

Ben Goode had a baby girl, pretty and bright,
Who filled his home with gladness and light.
He thought her a treasure, lent of the good God,
And he tenderly cherished her, sparing the rod.

She grew up obedient, loving and kind,
In a home ruled by love, with surroundings refined.
Honest Ben was her ideal, her hero, her friend,
Her lover whose love could not fail till Time's end.

As the passing of years made strange questions
arise

She fearlessly sought her good father's advice.
And today we read the result in her life—
She's a pure, sweet woman, model mother and wife.

—T. H. SMEDLEY.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(The following little poem refers to the old Peter Crans house which stood north of town.)

It stands on the brow of a rounding hill,
Lonely and sad and old;
Like a life that had almost reached its end,
Or a story almost told.

Through the window the soft June breezes creep,
The sunbeams peep through the door;
And fall with a soft, lightening touch
On the rotten planks in the floor.

Outside the peach trees wave and sigh
And droop with their loads of flowers;
The katydids sing a springtime song
Through the evening's golden hours.

They say it is haunted—the dark old house,
Where the shadows jump and play
And the moonlight shimmers and glistens,
With its silvery, mystic ray.

As the years pass by the house will fall,—
Its story forgotten be,
But God alone in His wisdom great,
To the secret holds the key.

—MISS HELEN SAUNDERS.

BOOSTER DAY IN LA CYGNE.

October sixteenth
Nineteen hundred fifteen
Will long be remembered
In the city of La Cygne.

The town was fore-warned
That a crowd would arrive,
To talk of good roads,
So an auto could drive.

To do this up right,
The streets were all dressed,
With flags, and smiles
And folks in their best.

Along about noon
The pilot drove in
Warning the crowd
That our band should begin.

The whistles and bells
Made the town seem quite grand,
When numerous cars came
With the third regiment band.

The band stand was filled
By those of renown
To tell how good roads,
Would help this old town.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

And what a good visit
Every one had.
Each wished gala days
Would become quite the fad.

With a merry good bye
And a word of regret,
With many thanks
For the welcome they'd met;

With a toot and a wave,
They left for K. C.
Leaving us most sure
On the new road we'd be.

—ROY AND SADIE GLUCKLICH.

ENVIRONMENT.

We live and we love and we labor
With head and heart and hand,
And what use are our best endeavors
If we grave them in the sand?

The tool in the hand of the worker
May perfect be, and grand,
But all our effort is fruitless
When we're writing in the sand.

We live where fate has placed us,
In this goodly, pleasant land;
But our labors vanish with us—
All because they're wrought in sand.

Can it be there is One above us
Who somehow will understand
The depth of our mortal meaning,
Tho' we've written in the sand?

If God for our labor's tablet
Had but spread a marble strand,
The ages might hold our story—
Instead of the shifting sand.

The ages would hold our story,
Graven deeper than a brand,
And our deeds might stand forever—
Not be lost in shifting sand.

—CLARE W. HESSER.

LORD, BLESS MY ENEMY.

The world to which we all belong,
Of which we are a part,
Is gloomy, dismal and forlorn,
Compared with my glad heart.
God's love is now my only creed,
Content with this I'll be;
Who teaches else I know indeed
He is my enemy.

The Pharisee with haughty pride
Would hold monopoly
In righteousness 'gainst all besides,
Save those that think as he.
'Gainst him I enter this complaint:
He would enslave the free.
He is no guide or pattern saint,
He is my enemy.

God often brings from seeming ill
The good we can not see,
So let me to His righteous will
Henceforth resigned be.
And help me, Lord, when'er I pray
To lift my heart to Thee,
And freely in Thy presence say,
"Lord, bless my enemy."

—REV. J. O. BORTON.

A REVERIE.

Sitting in the evening twilight,
Just about the close of day,
With my head bowed down and thoughtful,
To the past my thoughts will stray.

Far away from present scenery,
Far away from toil and strife,
Back to where my heart was lightest,
Back again to childhood life.

I can see the big white farm-house,
Almost hear the running spring,
In my fancy by the orchard,
I can hear the blue-bird sing.

It was there myself and brother,
Planned the future bright and gay.
Walking hand in hand together,
Home from school at close of day.

In the doorway stands my mother,
With a smile upon her face,
As she welcomes home her children,
With a manner full of grace.

Then my father comes from working,
And he pets the baby mule—
As with mingled pride and pleasure,
He asks us how we fared at school.

As we gather round the table,
Each one tells what he has done;
And the room is filled with beauty,
By the glow of setting sun.

But I waken from my dreaming,
And my heart is filled with pain,
For my father's sick and helpless,
And mother long in the grave has lain.

And my merry hearted brother
As he planned in days of yore,
Is a gallant sailor laddie,
And he's on a foreign shore.

So I'm left to care for father,
God help me to do my best,
'Til his pain and suffering's over,
And with Mother he will rest.

—BEATRICE BURRELL.

THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

A youth once went a roaming
Out on Life's garden plot—
Smiling and hoping and dreaming—
Seeking he knew not what.
Nature's voice spoke in him
All of life woke in him,
And he followed, understanding not.

He wandered far in the morning light
Lured on by bird and flower,
Quenching his thirst at a babbling brook,
Resting neath leafy bower.
Breezes caressing him
Visions entrancing him
Fill all his heart with hope and with power.

As the day wore on and the path grew rough
Tho' he kept to a well worn way—
He found the brightest flower oft hid a thorn,
And birds did not sing through the heat of day.
He found burdens to carry
And quick blows to parry
And he found for everything he'd surely have to
pay.

A storm came on and the way grew dark
The lightning flashed and blazed
Across the heavens in sheets of flame,
Till the earth itself, seemed being razed.
His pride was all shorn from him
His cloak rudely torn from him
Leaving him in darkness nearly crazed.

Then when he had ceased to struggle
And the storm had passed him o'er,
He found himself in a jungle
And, around him were more
Beasts, and reptiles, and creeping things
Hideous faces and loathsome things
Than e'en in wildest dreams he'd seen before.

Then he fled away in the darkness,
Driven by horror and fear—
Bruised and torn by brush and thorn
But the monsters ever kept near.
The more they distressed him
The closer they pressed him
Sought to destroy him front and rear.

Then when he could no more endure them
In anger and despair he turned at bay.
In a rage he dared them and defied them,
Then the creatures turned about and slunk away.
With bitterness he cursed them
With courage he dispersed them
Leaving naught but their shadows deep and gray.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Then a light shone round about him
With a clear and radiant glow—
And angels ministered unto him
Whispering soft and low—
Words of wisdom and beauty
Words of power and duty
Telling him many things he long had sought know.

Then he knew that the beasts and the reptiles
Had been creatures born of his fears—
And the darkness had been but a mist
Before him, and he knew that the years
Would teach him to understand
Would teach him to understand
Then there should be no more sorrow or tears.

—BELLE LOOMIS KENYON.

THE BROOK.

Down by the meadow brook,
Down by the old elm tree,
We lingered long in days ago,
So happy, gay and free.

The brook, as it bubbled along,
Bade us a last farewell;
For its hurried call was "On to the Sea,"
While it left us there to dwell.

To dwell in the bliss of hope
There in the leafy grove,
While the little brook went on to the sea
On its mission of mercy and love.

Not only we could drink
Of the water bubbling free,
But many hearts were cheered like ours
'Tween us and the great blue sea.

Like the brook, our life is a stream,
And it touches the hearts of men.
Shall it touch with a cheer, with a rippling sound,
Or shall it contribute pain?

Oh, Master of sea and land,
Of the power of life and of death,
Help us quench the pain and cheer the hearts
Of men to the ends of the earth.

—A. J. MAY.

MUSINGS ON A WILTED ROSE.

(Picked up in the crowded city street.)

O Rose! sweet Rose!
Proud beauty of the land,
Bruised and crushed and torn
And tossed aside by a careless hand.

Poor wilted broken Rose!
What was your mission to man?
Did you grace the hair of a lady fair,
Or were you held in a jeweled hand?

Perhaps like that heavenly Dove,
A message by you was borne—
A message of imperishable love
From the bosom of the dead to those who mourn.

Or was it your lot
To be carried by a mercy band
On the way to a hospital cot
And be lost by a heedless hand?

You have not failed what e'er your mission
Although you wither and fade and die,
You've given to one a holy vision—
The love of him who dwells in the sky.

O Rose! poor wilted Rose!
Sweet messenger of God's love to man.
You have not bloomed in vain,
But played well your part in the wondrous plan.

—J. H. HOOPINGARNER.

I WANT MY MOTHER.

The day is gone and I am tired—
My tasks have not been light—
I am lonely, too, as the twilight falls
For I want my mother tonight.

Oh, mother, come back from the shadow land;
Take your child in your arms once more,
Caress and soothe me and lull me to rest
As you did in the days of yore.

I want to see your sweet, worn face,
Hear your voice so soft and low,
As you sing again the dear old songs
You sang to me long ago.

Let me feel again your gentle hand
On my brow, in a soft caress,
As you placed it there in the days that are gone,
While you rocked me to sleep on your breast.

Yes, the years are long and I grow so tired,
My burden is never light;
Like a weary child I long for rest,
And I want my mother tonight.

—PANSY PERSONS.

THIS WORKADAY WORLD.

Do you belong to this workaday world,
And are you sojourning in it,
Where the hours are long and the labor hard,
Why did you ever begin it.

You came like the snow to this workaday world,
A spirit from out the unknown,
Without your volition but now you are here,
Accept the whole world as your own.

There is day and night in this workaday world,
With shadows and light to refresh us,
The day for our tasks which unbidden come,
The night for the rest sure to bless us.

There is gain and loss in this world of ours,
The gain too often is minus,
Tho' striving for lucre with energy great,
Many times with the loss you will find us.

Is there any peace in this workaday world?
Ask the hundreds that pass in the race,
Ask the fathers and mothers whose lives are well
spent,
Do they answer with smiles on their face?

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

There are blessings, too, in this workaday world,
That comes with our girls and our boys,
They stop for a while, 'til we feel they are ours,
Then they leave us—oh, yes, they are joys.

There is something like pain in this workaday world,
Which comes from no conduct of ours,
The wound will heal and happiness come,
Endurance is one of our powers.

Are there crowns in this workaday world of ours?
To be worn by the best in the race?
Yes, crowns to the victors and stars in the crown,
Everyone will be in its place.

So let us accept this workaday world,
With a spirit of thankfulness great,
It has made us better than play would have done,
And be glad that work is our fate.

—M. D. MILLER.

CAN ANYBODY TELL.

What IS good, and what IS bad—
Can anybody tell?
What IS right, and what IS wrong—
What is heaven—or hell?
What is pleasure, and what is pain—
What is sorrow—or strife;
What is love, and what is hate—
What is death—or life?

These are naught but the growth of a soul,
As a seed we drop in the soil,
Sending DOWN rootlet, and sending UP shoot—
Growing with infinite toil.
Kissed by the sunshine and bathed by the dew,
Nourished by subsoil and rain,
Blasted by weather and broken by storm
Yet always coming again.

Then why is it better or why is it worse
If blossom be yellow or blue?
Growing in sunshine or growing in shade,
Each to its nature true.
The roots are as worthy as leaflet or flower
Though hiding themselves in the sod—
And what WE call evil—what WE call sin
Is rooted in Life and God.

—BELLE LOOMIS KENYON.

THE BLESSING OF A FRIEND.

Commend me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone.
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a sombre hour
And gives his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom;
But like the violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the winter's icy crown
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork,
That seeks a southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth,
What'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

—REV. J. O. BORTON, PH. D.

CHEERFULNESS.

If all our flights of poetry,
Were naught but solemn strain,
Methinks the public's patience
Would tire of the refrain.

So as we wend our way along,
The onward road of life,
Let's put a little humor in
To counteract the strife.

We're not the "only pebbles,"
To use a slangy phrase,
But every fellow thinks his own,
The most distressing case.

Each mortal has his skeleton,
In his own closet hidden,
But 'tis the worst of taste methinks,
To view it e're we're bidden;

So let all others troubles be,
And e'en forget your own,
Because there's ne'er a harvest
Unless the seed is sown.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Then plant with hope the seeds of cheer,
And joy and happiness;
The harvest will be bountiful,
The crop the gleaner bless.

It don't require a bank account,
To issue checks of cheer,
Just hand out smiles and words of love,
You'll have done your duty here.

And when you reach the region,
Of which the preachers tell,
The Lord will surely say to you,
"Well done, my child, all's well."

—CLARE WATKINS HESSER.

MEDITATION.

You'll read our rhymes,
Would even read our prose;
It fills our hearts with joy,
This knowledge to disclose.

You'll praise our verse,
However weak the strain,
Knowing that a kindly word,
Will oft return again.

So why should we
In pity fume and fret,
When all our fondest hopes,
Are full of promise yet?

It makes the world
Seem brighter all the while,
If we can cast some sorrow out
And leave instead a smile.

We have not lived
Unless by deed or word,
Along life's stormy pathway,
We've joy or gladness stirred.

So if our lines,
This mission have fulfilled,
Our anxious hearts may now be soothed,
That once with doubt were chilled.

—SADIE BARTLESON POLLMAN.

THE ROLLING STONE.

I said I will go to a far away place
And seek for prosperity there;
The rainbow of promise glows brightly in space
While here I'm o'erburdened with care.

I found me a land alluring and bright;
A land that was fruitful and fair;
Yet its wealth was a prize only won in the fight;
Life's burdens and bruises were there.

Now my heart often turns to the land that I left;
To the friends and the lanes and the hills;
To the tramps we have tramped; of their joys I'm
bereft;
Of the woods and the rocks and the rills.

So why should we covet the things we have not?
And search through the land up and down?
If we open our eyes where God cast our lot
Contentment and riches abound.

—C. W. PLUMB.

“NINETEEN-FIFTEEN.”

Did you ever see such a year
For floods both far and near
 For thundering and roaring—
 For raining and pouring—
It seems to me mighty queer.

It never can rain but it pours
Till the old river rages and roars—
 It keeps rising and rising
 While we stand surmising—
Till it covers the all-out-of-doors.

And next year 'twill be just so dry
That for rain we will holler and cry,
 The clouds will be joking—
 With dust we'll be choking—
And with prayers we will bombard the sky.

And tho we go north or go south
'Twill always be floods or a drouth
 So instead of repining,
 And cussing and whining
We had just as well shut up our mouth.

We're all much the same so it seems
We're bound to go to extremes
 We are funny or “sobby”
 Or riding a hobby
Or crazy for dress or machines.

If we drink we drink all we can;
Or we fight just to show we're a man;
Or else we turn crank
And ride on a plank
And campaign for Tom, Dick or Dan.

While some are rich beyond measure
The rest are too poor for pleasure,
But instead of adjusting
The balance, they're busting—
The rich work the poor at their leisure.

So maybe the old weather man
Is doing the best that he can—
If we'd quit recommending
And our faults get to mending
Perhaps we might work out a plan,

So that each should have just his share
And none should be burdened with care.
Then he'd send us such weather
We'd scarcely know whether
We were here or at home over there.

—MRS. BELLE LOOMIS KENYON.

WHEN DADDY WAS A BOY.

Oh, daddy, take me on your knee
And tell me somthin' nice. You see
I's just a weency teency tad,
I's sometimes good and sometimes bad;
But often now I hear you say:
"It didn't used to be that way
When daddy was a boy."

Now, daddy, was you awful good,
And did you chop and split the wood
For Grandma when she baked the pies
That 'd fetch the water to your eyes
For fear that company might be able
To make you wait the second table,
When daddy was a boy?

Or, daddy, did you hookey play,
When wood was wanted did you say
That you was sick and couldn't go?
But just how sick you didn't know
Till someone said, "Give castor oil,"
And then you made the whole house boil,
When daddy was a boy.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

And did you always go to school,
And ne'er the teacher try to fool,
Or say you was at home all day,
When you ran off with boys to play,
And to the swimmin' hole did go,
Because you liked to swim, you know,
When daddy was a boy?

And did you do as Grandma said,
And wash your feet and go to bed,
Or whine and cry and make a fuss,
And think and think you'd like to cuss,
And wish and wish that you was dead,
So you wouldn't have to go to bed,
When daddy was a boy?

Did you sneak off and run away,
And swim and swim and dive all day,
And come home with your hair all wet,
And sneak to bed and fret and fret,
And wish the creek was dry and green
So's wet hair couldn't e'er be seen,
When daddy was a boy?

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Now, daddy, come, and tell me, please,
About that great big chunk of cheese
You ate and made you, oh, so sick,
You did not even want to kick,
Till castor oil to you was brought,
And then you fought, and fought, and fought.
When daddy was a boy.

And tell me 'bout the sugar bowl
That you would find and how you'd roll,
And cry, and kick, and scream, and fight,
When Grandma shut the pantry tight,
But still you thought 'twas lots of fun,
Because of things that Grandma done,
When daddy was a boy.

Now, daddy, Buzzer's gettin' sleepy.
My eyes-are gettin'-awful creepy.
I-just-can't open-up-my peepers.
I-see-so many-creepy creepers.
I'll-have-to wait-the fun-to-hear.
Did-you-get-sleepy—daddy-dear,
When-daddy-was-a-b-o-y?

—A. J. MAY.

REVERIES.

There is such a hurried rush, in these modern times
of life,

With the fastest speed of travel,

And the quickest means of wealth,

That one scarce can have a rest between the rapid
hasty speeder, in his latest motor car, and the
shrewd and crafty tradesman, with his get-
rich schemes galore.

But there is another glory, than of the swiftly speed-
ing motor, and the rapid gain of wealth, that
makes us more than mortal, on this, our earthly
shore;

Here we find a lovely valley, with its beauties all its
own, with its pleasures, that are quiet, and its
joys of rest and home.

Here are Nature's many pleasures, in profusion all
our own,

Here the joy of plain contentment, bids us stop
and view this scene, while our minds are all
refreshed, by its grand sublimity,

Perhaps those saintly visions, in the wise old
prophet's mind, were made the more endur-
ing, by such entrancing scenes.

When the wooded hills are wrapped in

Autumn's brilliant hues,

It bids to us a welcome that is more than wealth and
ease.

H. L. CLARKE, M. D.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

A millionaire sat by his fireside,
The night was growing cold;
His thoughts were with the future
And his millions of shining gold.

And as he sits there dreaming,
Pictures of the past draw near;
He sees his aged mother,
As in his youth, appear.

He sees himself a boy again
As by her side he knelt,
To say his evening prayer
Which from his heart, he felt.

He hears the church bells ringing
He hears the vesper hymn,
Which seems to be wafted over
The years and torrents din.

But now the scene is changing,
To manhood he has grown;
The pride of all that village
That claims him for its own.

But he left that wayside village
In the wide, wide world to roam;
To make for himself a fortune,
To make for himself a home.

He left there pure as the dewdrops
That shine in the morning sun!
But soon he learned dishonesty
And then his wealth he won.

He married a worldly woman,
Who loved him for his gold;
Who would not receive his mother,
Because she was bent and old.

A servant the room now enters,
With slow and silent tread,
And hands to him this message,
Your poor old mother's dead.

But in her dying blessing
These words to you she said,
Tell my darling William,
That when my spirit's fled,

He must be sure to meet me,
In the realms above,
Where God reigns in his mercy,
God reigns in his love.

Oh mother, the strong man murmurs,
And then he knelt to pray,
That God would pardon and guide him,
The rest of the narrow way.

The mother's prayer was answered,
The pardon it was won,
Now God watches with tender mercy,
Over His wayward son.

—BEATRICE BURRELL.

GRANNY McGRUNDY.

Old granny McGrundy
Went to church on a Sunday,
 With never a miss in her prayer.
She sang about Zion,
She roared like a lion,
 And felt of the back of her hair.

This Mrs. McGrundy,
And Sallie McMundy
 Had faces so pious and long,
That their sins though forgiven,
Like clouds thunder riven,
 Were highly expressed in their song.

To see her on Monday,
This Mrs. McGrundy
 Her piety seems to have flown.
She's waging a battle.
Just hear her tongue rattle.
 Her friends are like hay that is mown.

"They say," say's McGrundy,
"That Sallie McMundy,
 Has told all her friends that she heard
Billie Jones tell his wife
That he heard that Miss Fife
 Said to John who had killed her pet bird,
You're a sneaking old hound,
And it's true as I've found,
 As they tell me when e'er I go out,

That your neighbors all fear,
Whenever they hear
 You are out on a lark and a bout.

And hear it they do
And it is no doubt true
 For they tell it wherever I go.
And Miss Jones told McGrundy
One day on a Sunday
 (All listened she whispered so low).

That she heard it in whispers
From one of the sisters,
 (And they say it is awful to know),
That Bill heard Tim say
Mike told him today,
 That Cajunks told Mrs. Cajoe,

That John Busybody,
Who ne'er was so shoddy,
 Says you said that Mrs. McMosey
Has some warts on her toes,
And a mole on her nose,
 That makes it look just like a posey.

If a moral you need,
To this spurious creed,
 Take a jolt and a hint and discover;
That false piety on Sunday
May change on a Monday,
 To the asp's deadly sting in sweet clover.
 —A. J. MAY.

THE PRAIRIE MAID.

Many years ago in a home on the prairie,
A baby girl arrived to tarry,
Near our dear old La Cygne, and strange it may
 seem,
She has ever lived near, to the Marais des Cygne.

Her earliest recollections were the scenes of a farm,
An old log school-house and a split rail barn;
The cows in the pasture, the pigs in the pen,
The old spotted rooster and Black Spanish hen.

Those years at the old home were happy and free,
Where she chased the butterfly and watched the
 wild bee,
As he sipped the sweet nectar from the bluebells
 wild,
And stored it away for this little child.

And then in the winter what fun it would be,
With the snow on the ground, and the ice on the
 tree,
The buffalo robes and sleighs brought from the shed,
And the balky mules hitched to the old bob-sled.

As time passed on this little brown elf,
Seemed to be possessed by the devil himself.
As she gained in stature her muscles grew;
She whipped all the boys and the teacher, too.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

In the fall of the year, at the age of thirteen,
This wild prairie thistle, was sent to La Cygne,
There to enter the high school, her wild ways to
tame;
And along with much pleasure some knowledge
came.

And poor dear professor, how patient was he,
When he found his wild scholar perched up in a
tree,
Or else in the belfry, brimful of joy,
Reading a novel, or a note from some boy.

In the spring of Eighteen-ninety, along with her
class,
They made a high-school graduate of this little lass;
Back to the old home on the farm her majesty flew,
To teach the neighbors' children what she already
knew.

After many years of earnest thought, her age we
will not state
This girl of ours, a woman grown, took unto her-
self a mate,
And came again to dear La Cygne, the city of the
Swan,
In hopes her life would ever flow, in sweet con-
tentment on.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

And now a gray-haired matron wise who's had so
many joys,
Looks back and wonders if she was ever like her
boys.
And when these young Americans appear to be too
wise,
She looks back then to bygone days, and says:
"My, how time flies"!

—LILY BLACK CROXTON.

EVEN YOU AND I.

I go on record, mark my word
Every man on earth's absurd.
I look at you with smilin' eye
You laugh at me as I pass by.

Smith's absurd because he's dull
Never sees the point to things
Hears the richest story told
What's the joke "he'll ask by jings "

Old Jones also is absurd
'Cause he's really most too quick
He butts in and tells it all
Steals your thunder the old stick.

Brown is really just a bore.
Everyone makes fun of him.
See folks leave when he starts in
Fires go out and lights grow dim.

Robinson's another gump.
Really think he's dippy, too,
And you, John, act odd at times
Don't you truly think you do?

Excepting me there's none I see
As I search from day to day
Who are really balanced mentally
They're all cranks in some old way.

So I go on record mark my word
Every one on earth's absurd.
I look at you with smiling eye
You jeer at me as I pass by.

—CLARE W. HESSER.

**A FISHING PARTY ON THE MARIAS DU
CYGNE.**

The crookedest river you ever heard about,
It winds from bluff to bluff in and out,
And 'round and away, through grasses green,
This crooked old river—the Marais du Cygne.

On a day in May, or was it in June?
That we went fishing one afternoon?
There was the Dominies wife—the dainty creature—
Marjorie, Dorothy, and the preacher.

And the girlies, mamma, too, God bless her,
And also their father, Mr. Hesser.
Armed with fishing rods and bait,
We wandered past the cemetery gate.

Down the lane through the grasses green,
Down to the banks of the Marais du Cygne.
We found a quiet spot among the willows,
Under the bank away from the billows.

We unfurled the lines and fixed the bait.
Sat down in patience then to wait.
But one whose name we will not mention,
Left his rod without attention.

Climbed the bank and stones did roll,
Down on his dear wife's fishing pole.
Then she, losing her patience that did possess her,
Cried "Do be quiet Mr. Hesser."

He with injured air and humble demeanor,
Said: "Isn't it time to cook the weiner?
So we gathered wood with a tussle,
And made up a fire with a hustle.

With appetites ever growing keener,
We made the coffee and cooked the weiner.
As we sat by the campfire, eating, dreaming,
We were suddenly startled by someone screaming,

Like the spirit of Walton did possess her,
Look at your line oh Mr. Hesser!
He sprang with a bound amid the cries,
Grasped the pole and landed his prize,

With a mighty effort and many a hurtle.
'Twas an old mosscovered snapping turtle.
He declares at once in highest treble
That without doubt he's the only pebble—

The only fisherman to be seen,
Along the banks of the Marais du Cygne.
How we laughed, and how we chided;
He and his catch we all derided.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Until the evening shadows falling,
Homes and firesides, us were calling.
We gathered our baskets, pails and hackle,
Our poles and lines and fishing tackle.

Said fare ye well to the willows green,
Strolled leisurely home to old La Cygne;
Thus ended as happy a time I ween,
As was ever spent on the Marais du Cygne.

—J. H. HOOPINGARNER.

A LAUGH.

A laugh is the best of music,
And music is health to the soul;
Then boost things along in a song, my friend,
Though the billows around you roll.

In the midst of your care and sorrow,
As a glass of cold water you quaff,
Cheer up; don't be guilty of looking so glum.
Keep your lip, and be ready to laugh.

Do the stars seem to fade and grow distant?
Does the sun seem to shine only half?
Remember that clouds have their silvery sheen.
Cheer up, and give us a laugh.

Does the world seem to rush on by you?
Does your step seem slower by half?
Remember the snail as he plodded along.
Keep steady, and give us a laugh.

When you meet an old friend by the wayside
And his wheat seems all going to chaff,
Brace up and be ready to give him a lift,
And help him along with a laugh.

A B O K A Y O F W I L D D A I S I E S

Is your eye growing dim, are you feet less firm?
Must your step depend on the staff?
Just scatter the sunshine you gathered thro' life,
And greet everyone with a laugh.

Do thus, and when your last sun shall go down,
And the golden wheat screened from the chaff,
You will garner the grain as a gracious reward,
And you'll greet us all with a laugh.

—DR. A. J. MAY.



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